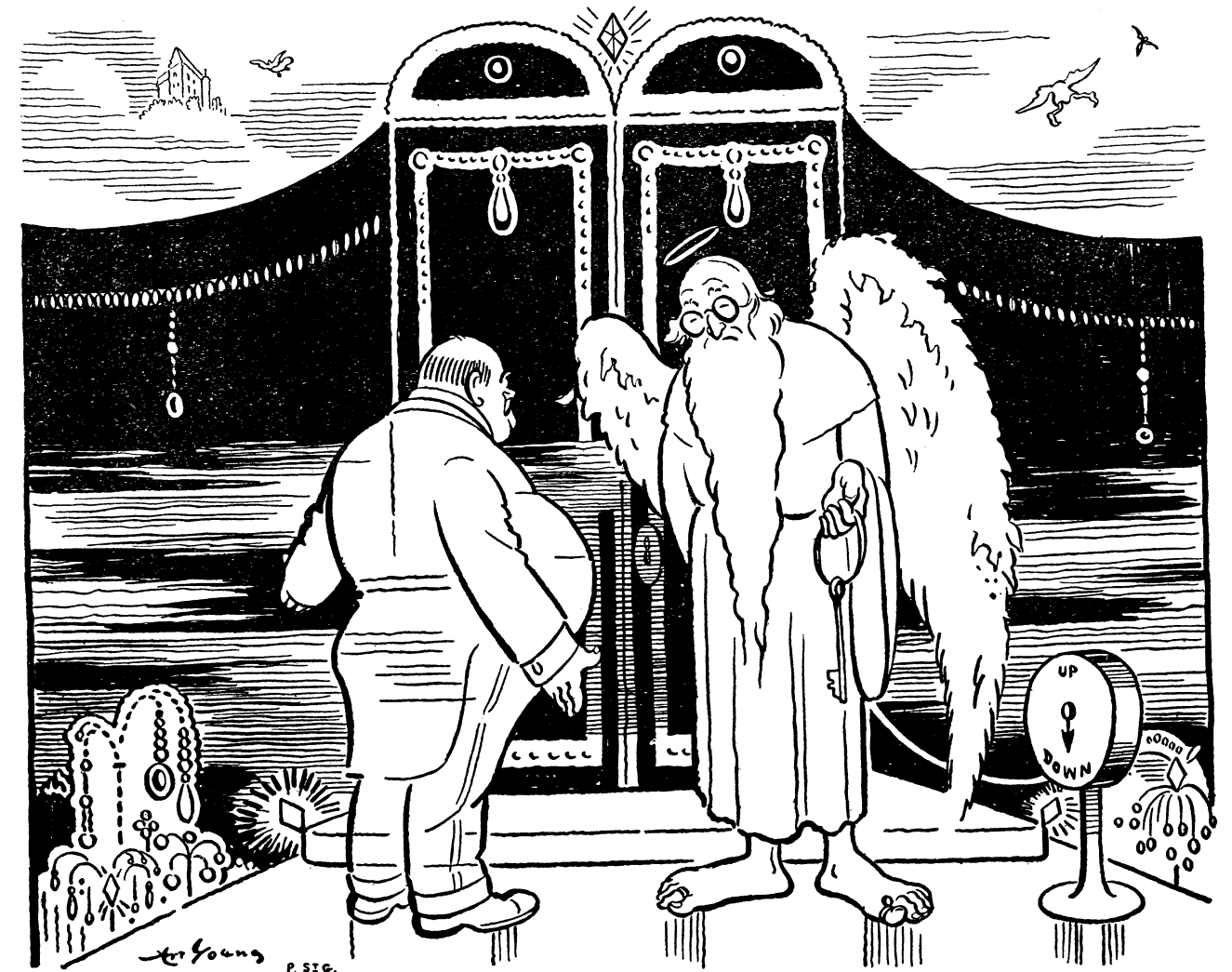


Good Morning

Published Twice a Month by Good Morning Co., Inc., 7 East 15th St., N. Y. City.



AT THE PEARLY GATES

Profiteer (to St. Peter): "Why, you poor old sap, if I wanted to, I could buy the whole damn business!"



Last issue, we told you the Spring Caper Costume Ball would take place Friday, April 22. Make a mental note that it's just one week later, April 29.

Goodness folks, from the hallelujahs we hear all over town, we're sorry we didn't hire the sheep meadows in Central Park for us all to caper about in, instead of Tammany Hall.

What are you gonna be?—a lamb, a lion, a pussy-cat, a deer, a goat, a wildflower, a peach, a pippin, a nymph, a faun or just a smile? Costumes, you know, will be the thing.

And listen! Take Sherlock Holmes with you, for the only way you'll recognize your friends will be by the beauty spot on their left shoulder-blade or their pink garter or something. We're going to put over a stunt that'll keep you guessing who your dance partners are.

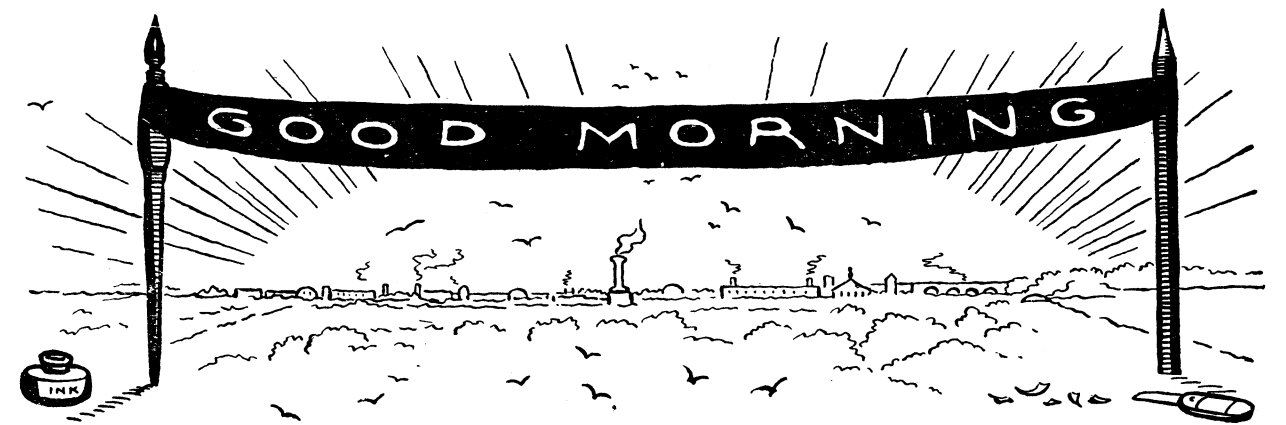
Say, did you ever see Art Young in all his glory? Did you ever see Fanny's dimples? Did you ever see—never mind, you'll see it at the Caper and save us asking you a lot more questions.

Meanwhile, get your tickets, one dollar in advance and one-fifty at the door. Boxes, seating six, at ten dollars. There are only a few boxes, so reserve yours by mail now.

Tickets are on sale at most village shops and book-stores and at GOOD MORNING office, 7 East 15th Street. All aboard!

GOOD MORNING'S SPRING CAPER

Friday evening, April 29
Tammany Hall, East 14th Street



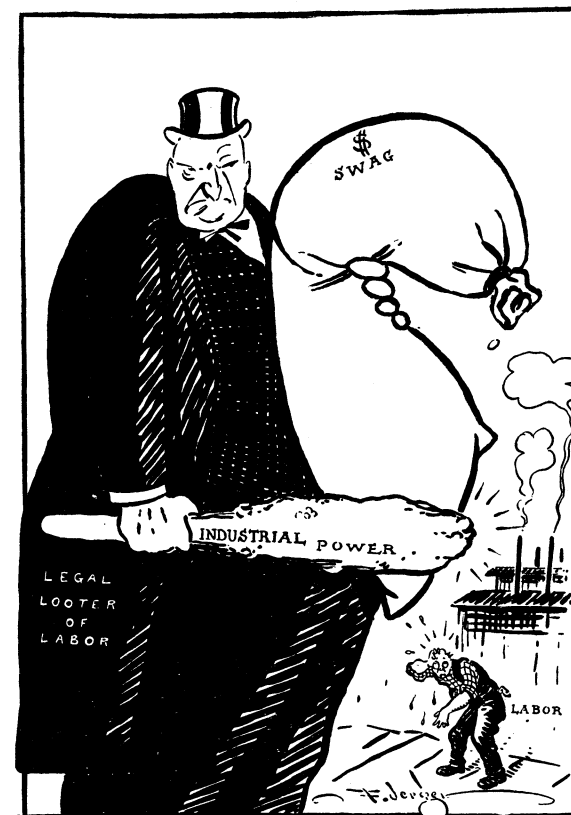
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April 15, 1921.

15 Cents a Copy.

Primer Lesson



See the big man! *Drawn by Jerger*

And—the big bundle of kale!

And—the big club!

“Ah!” you say. “The worker should get the club.”

No! No! No, friend!

He has gotten it, already—to his sorrow!

(You err. . . .slightly.)

He must get *control* of the club.

(That's better, isn't it?)

And—gaining it—assume a sort of Proletarian Dictatorship in Control of Clubs!

Just the thing? Sure!

“Tonight, at the Usual”

I just called you up, George Jimson, to say you can't never make no more dates with me.

I got sumpn to say to you final, an' it's this: I'm through with you, see? I'm through.

'F you think you kin hand me a stand-up on a cold corner without no explanation, you gotta 'nother long, cold think comin' to you, unn'erstan'?

Whadju mean by it, George? Has you got s'mother jane? Has you got any reason to be dissatisfied with the way I been treatin' you? If such be the case, lemme hear from you direck, see?

Whart?

Git off'n this line, woman, and don't be buttin' in! I'm speakin' to a party 'bout private bizness.

Whart? You tried to git me twyst today? Say, I wunner if this switchboard skirt that's workin' here is benn holdin' out messitches on me? If such be the case, I'll snatch the Vanity Fairs off'n that jezzbell.

Well, 'f you've really got a nexplanation, Im willin' to heart it private. I'm not askin' nobody to say nothing personal on the telephone.

Tonight, then, at the usual. But don't you keep me waitin', George. Corners is cold if sppring is comin', 'n I ain't got on Jaegers on.

G'by, George.

Good-bye! Tonight, at the usual!

Phillips Russell.

We can't sleep nights wondering whether we are going to let Japan have an island that the United States could make use of.



Purity First

American capitalists and statesmen are doubtful about the morality of accepting Russian gold. To make it pure Christian 100 per cent, how would it do to hire those upright Christian gentlemen, — Bishop Manning of Wall Street and Rev. Dr. Hillis of stock juggling notoriety, to sanctify it?

An Unsolicited Testimonial

By John Nicholas Beffel

To the multiplicity of tributes now being tendered to A. Mitchell Palmer, I wish to add an acknowledgement of what he did for me. Mr. Palmer has not asked me for any expression, but inasmuch as he worked a momentous change in my life I cannot forbear offering this testimony.

When I came from the wind-swept prairies of Illinois to New York, I wore my hair shaved round in the back, after the democratic fashion of Chicago bartenders. Friends old and new in the East remonstrated with me. They tried to wean me away from that tonsorial mode by various means—i. e., by cajolment, oratory, quotations from George and Booker T. Washington, promises of reward, and threats.

To all these arguments I was adamant. I felt that their criticisms were unjustifiable attacks, inspired by some veiled ulterior motive. I could see no logical reason for divorcing myself from an institution so solidly established in the West as the circular hair-cut.

But after ten years I met in our national capital a pretty manicurist who was a scenic attraction in the barber shop of an exclusive hotel. She, too, sought to win me away from the round hair-cut. For nine days I resisted. On my last day there, when it seemed that there was no hope of my seeing new ways, my friend the manicurist said to me in low but determined tones:

"A. Mitchell Palmer wears his hair cut round in the back."

In that moment my life was changed. Thenceforth I have worn my hair cut in the perpendicular, or chimney, style. There are times when a sigh escapes me and I am tempted to go back to the old ways. But I remember that girl's words, and I am saved again.

Epistle

*And it came to pass
During the late War,
That the Few had the Prosperity
And the Many had the Perspiration.
And in order to reduce
The said Perspiration
Of the Many,
The Few connived
To take away
Their Beer and Booze.
The Many filled the Air
With Protestations.
Wearing huge buttons
They
Flaunted their Indignation
And proclaimed their Demands:
"No Beer. No Work!"
And now They have Both.
Verily!*

August Claessens.



Il Progresso (Local Italian daily of New York City) published on February 17, 1921 a telegram from a Milan paper *Il Circolo*, announcing that the owners of the vineyards in the valley of the Po River had secured an order from the local authorities to use muzzles on the peasants to prevent them from eating too many grapes while picking them.

The Digging

R. T. M. Scott

Once upon a time, a rich man dug a pit for a poor man and told him to get into it. The poor man, being accustomed to obey, did as he was told, while the rich man looked on at his ease.

In time, the poor man became very uncomfortable. At last, after much thought, he seized the bottom of the pit and pulled the whole thing inside out so that he could sit under it as if in a tent. Never before, had the rich man seen such a thing done but, since he had given the pit to the poor man, he could not, on account of his pride, take it away again—no matter how it had changed.

The poor man seemed to like his new hole much better than the old one and it finally became the custom for every rich man—or any man who pretended to be rich—to dig a deep pit and then to pull it inside out before presenting it to a poor man. It was, of course, very irksome always to be pulling pits inside out—especially slimy ones—but it had to be done because the poor refused to say "sir" to the rich upon any other conditions.

In their dilemma, the rich people sent for the wisest man in the land and asked him for

some solution to their awkward situation. The wise man, after deep consideration, decided that the pit-pulling might be symbolized by pulling a pocket inside out. This, he maintained, would require very little exertion on the part of the rich and would undoubtedly appease the poor, since a pocket, like a pit, might have something at the bottom. In conclusion he pointed out that the new pit, being the opposite of the old pit, should be spelled in the opposite way. Unto this day, therefore, the rich man's gift to the poor man, instead of being spelled p-i-t, is spelled T-I-P.

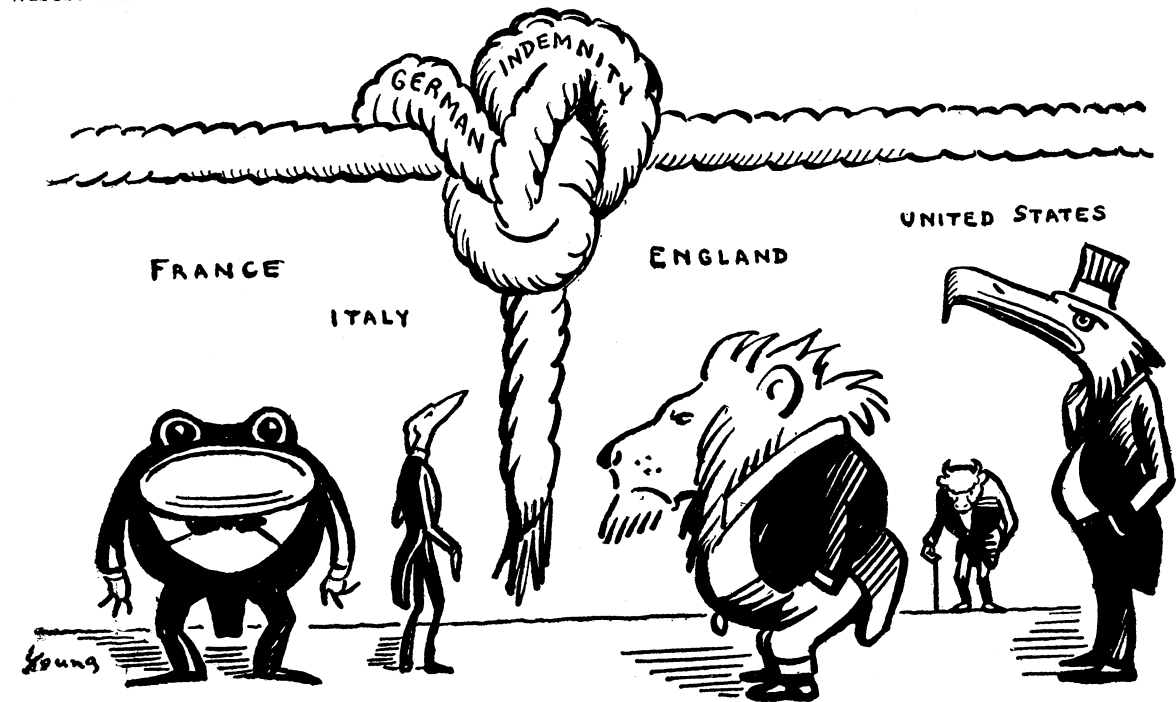
Block and Tackle

*I've given a flapper to the sea,
An' it is done and through with me;
Has spit me inter this fumbling mob,
To drag this crushin' town for a job.*

*I've sounded her fore and aft,
An' found her a full manned craft.
An' here's me say. They'll hear it I bet,
I'm going to sing the wind a duet.*

*"I'll never crawl or beg for the means,
Of fetchin' my rum an smokes an' beans,
The hand I've left is strong an' fit,
You can make a slave or a fist of it."*

Frank Hanley.



PUZZLE: How are they going to cut the Gordian Knot?



First Boy—"My father can lick your father."
 Second Boy—"My father makes more money than yours."
 Third Boy (Not to be out of it)—"I can tie my own necktie."

Business As Usual

My respect for the sagacity of the dollar sages is falling faster than their pay rolls. This diminution of esteem is not caused by any bolshevik bias nor diminishing deposits in my bank book. It is based on facts as evident as the Republican politicians who rush for governmental grabs. Consider the following:

Every man or woman who, during the past six months, could persuade a reporter that the he or she did not want to be interviewed, has emphatically declared that business is in the doldrums. The word business was all-inclusive. There was not an industry in the United States, to say nothing of forty or fifty other countries, including the Scandinavian, which had not been affected by the "readjustment of economic conditions to conservative pre-war practices." So great did this chorus sound its song of sorrow that labor leaders affiliated with such a radical organization as the American Federation of Labor heard it and stopped their activities to bring wages up to their price affinities, and began to dig themselves in against the drooping fire of their enemies. Other efforts were equally striking: increased Americanization campaigns, open shop movements, voluntary wage reductions proffered on both sides of the desk, fewer strikes, less magazine advertising. In short the country of internationally known shrewdness proved most gullible and swallowed the fisherman's offering with all accessories. Yet:

All this in the face of increased activity of the *decision industry*, which is one of, if not America's greatest, triumphs. An industry with

branches and agents tucked in every spot where ten or more people congregate; an industry whose output affects every person in these broad and free states. No one with the slightest degree of normalcy will dare say that the American Courts are without influence in this land of the free and the brave; nor say that its products are not accepted at their face value, nor that their output is not vitally necessary to the successful life of the nation. Grant this, as you must, and you are compelled by logic to join with me in my disapproval of the soundness of our economic advisers, if I point out just a few indications of legal prosperity.

The decision that Mr. Palmer was right and Mr. Debs wrong.

That Mr. Martens is a German.

That the Postmaster General by virtue of his office is beyond question, Constitution or no Constitution.

That public service corporations are honest when they claim they are starving and need further public support to give good service.

That picketing is an infringement of constitutional liberty.

That profiteering laws are un-American.

That hootch is not hootch, but medicine, when the doctor says so.

That ten million dollars to elect a Republican president is cheap, considered on the basis of ten cents a head. Eleven million would have been Okeh if they had charged on the basis of the latest census.

That a lady who goes camping needs \$7,500 a month to assuage the pangs of a retiring husband.

That a contract is a contract only when the labor market is tight.

That a man cannot become a citizen of the United States if he believes fundamental institutions of the United States can be changed by ballot.

That.

But why use the valuable space of Good MORNING to list further the latest examples of judicial craftsmanship. You can pick them out every day in any home newspaper. And as for commenting on the new crop of raw material which the legislatures of our sovereign states are accumulating for future legal products, God forgive the waste of energy!

No! Business is *not* in the doldrums!

I. V. Vine.

Etiquette

The newspapers are running an advertisement of a new book, the *Cyclopedia of Etiquette*. "The mortification of mistakes in manners that may ruin your whole life and how to avoid them" is the noble purpose of the book.

What would you do if you suddenly learned that the man you have been conversing with was once in prison? Don't know, do you?

When you find you have bowed to a strange woman by mistake, should you apologize or run for your life? Of course you don't know. You say it would depend, but remember you must be prepared to act with etiquette.

If your chauffeur bumps into a nice respectable lady with your car and jars her false teeth out, should you get out and pick them up? Bet you don't know.

When we think of these perplexing problems that demand courtesy in a hurry, we feel like writing a book ourselves on just what to do. We would cover the whole field of social activity; then with one of our books in your pocket, if you got mortified and "ruined your whole life," well, it would be your own fault.

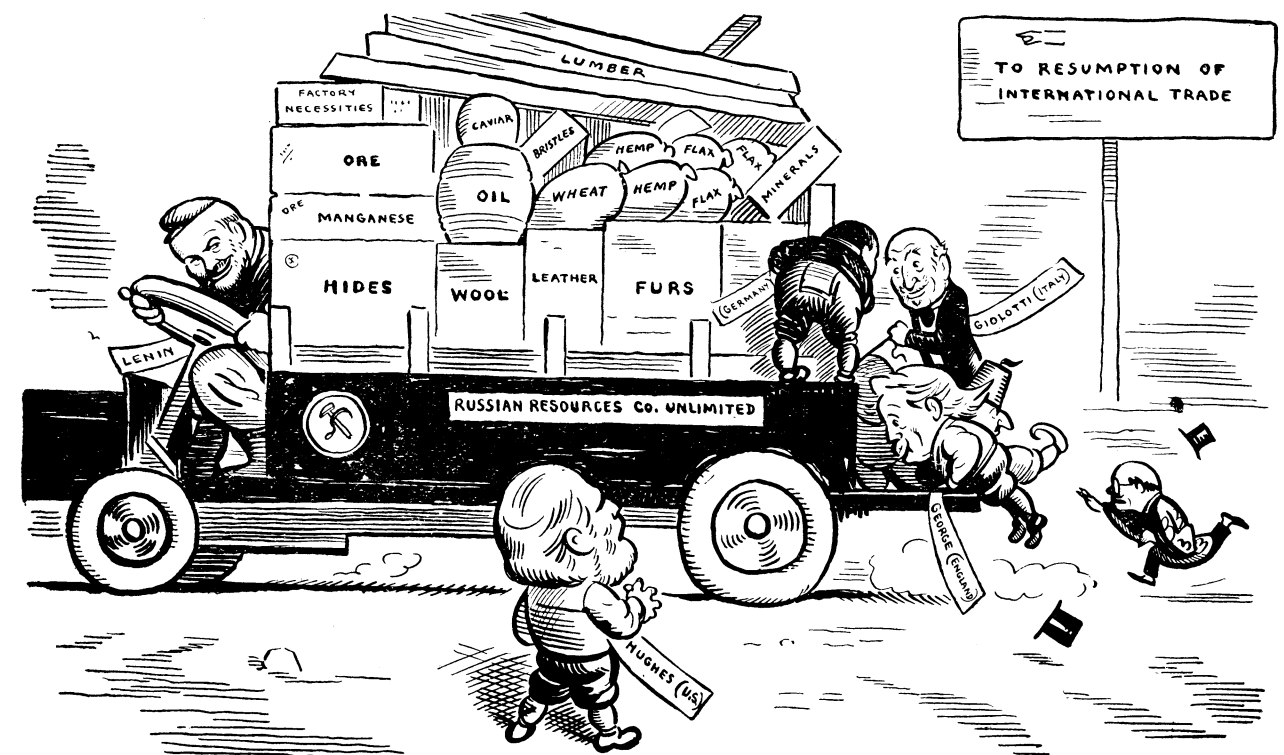
Chuckle.



(Drawn by Boardman Robinson during the April cold snap)

A CASE FOR NEAR-HERE RELIEF

These poor girls have no warm shoes or stockings.



PASTIME OF THE PREMIERS

Uncle Lenin: "Hurry up, Charlie, if you want a ride."



"TO LAUGH THAT WE MAY NOT WEEP"

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April 15, 1921.

Leadership

It appears to have been a timid convention, that of the New Woman's Party in Washington, and some of the leaders of this assemblage were women who had suffered abuse and ridicule and had gone to jail for their militant support of the principle that women ought to vote as well as men. The usefulness of some of these leaders seems to have ended with that one fight.

It is such a temptation to prove that you know how to be respectable. Our idea of a leader is one who keeps on leading, Wendell Phillips, for instance. His long fight to free the Negro slaves was over, but the respectable people of the church and press who had ridiculed and denounced him were willing to let bygones be bygones, so they gave him a banquet. He was an old man and had the opportunity to purchase peace by keeping quiet for the rest of his life.

Did he take advantage of the well-staged opportunity? Not Phillips. In response to the applause as guest of the evening he told this assemblage of the "best people" that the next fight would be the emancipation of the workers everywhere from the curse of wage-slavery.

The audience threw up their hands and groaned. Wendell Phillips was born of the aristocracy, but he didn't want to reinstate himself at the expense of his principles.

That's what we mean, when we say a leader should keep on leading.

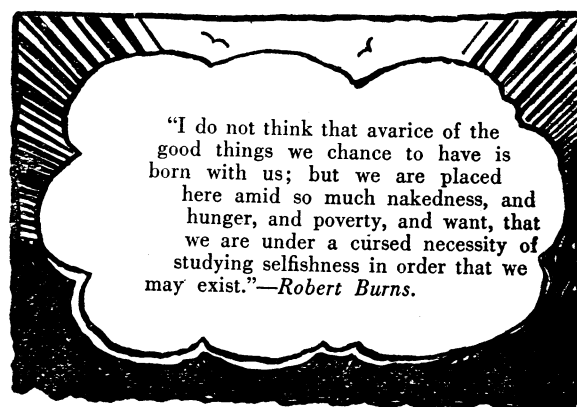
"Spontaneous"



The news that 160,000 evaders of the draft are to be prosecuted keeps the Hundred Percenter hopeful of our future as a militarist nation. He may have evaded the draft himself or had his son evade it, or he may have believed in the Great Cause to the extent of making sacrifices.

There were many varieties of loyal Americans in those days. But we want to know this: If there are 160,000 undiscovered draft evaders besides the thousands that have been prosecuted; if thousands didn't want to go to war who felt they had to, or suffer a worse fate. why do these smug patrioteers insist on talking about the war being a "spontaneous uprising of the whole people"? Anything is bound to rise a little if you blow it up.

We hope that history will get this mess straightened out.



WHO SAID IT WAS "GOD'S HOUSE"?

In condemning a recent sermon delivered by Bishop Charles D. Williams in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Wall Street Journal asks with much indignation, "Was it the Bolsheviks, or the business men who built and endowed the cathedral of St. John the Divine?" Give you two guesses.



President Harding: "I know exactly how you feel, I will see that you won't have to carry it much longer --- We will let *him* do it all --- He's used to it".



Er Young

feel, I will see that you won't have to carry it much longer --- We will let *him* do it all --- He's used to it".



London Star

War (to diplomats): "Say, if you fellers need us, me and me brother will be waitin' right outside!"

An Open Letter to the Editor of Good Morning

Sir:

Cognizant of the vast esteem in which you are held by the respectable citizenry of not only the city of New York, but of the nation at large, and aware of your reputation, conceded by even your most bitter political foes, of your comprehensive analysis of all public questions before expressing your opinions in the columns of your widely circulated publication; knowing further that this broad recognition of your statesmenlike qualities once received acknowledgement in the form of a nomination to that august and most deliberative body, the United States Senate, as well as to other public offices, I have, in the past accepted your leadership implicitly and with an abiding faith in your judgment.

Frequently, and not unnaturally, doubts have beset me when called upon to do my duty as a citizen interested in the welfare of the nation. This, I must confess, was my position during the past presidential campaign. Confronted with the momentous task of deciding on the merits of Warren Gamaliel Harding and Mr. Cox, Governor of the sovereign state of Ohio, I hesitated. Issues selected for the nation's decision were the issues arising from a war-warped world. Reconstruction of civil-

ization was the primary duty devolving upon the new incumbent of the office that exercises the most powerful leadership in the history of man. The fate of the world hung perilously poised betwixt a prudent or imprudent choice by the people of these United States.

To you I looked for guidance and counsel. Eagerly I persued your lucid lines as fortnightly they appeared or failed to appear. When finally you crystallized my conviction by your most thorough examination of the records and characters of the candidates and subsequently announced your decision to throw the support of your pen to the cause of Harding, my doubts vanished.

During the heated campaign you calmly, coldly, passionlessly, set forth the most convincing case for the Republican party. When your contemporaries raised the petty questions of domestic policy in the effort to lead you from the broader issues involved, I admired your strict adherence to what I had come to believe was paramount — international relations. I became a firm believer in the benefits that would redound to humanity if Harding were elected and I assumed the responsibility of advising my wife to cast her first presidential ballot in favor of the Republican Party.

Your efforts were crowned with success. I awaited March 1921 not only to see the settling of the problems which beset the world, but to be among those who welcomed the prosperity which the Republican party had assured as a certainty to the electorate of America.

Materialization of these promises had failed and everything now indicates that not only weeks, but months, perchance years, will pass before the election promises are fulfilled. In fact, only when I am optimistic can I now lead myself to believe that the peace of the world and the prosperity of the nation will be brought about by the activities of the Republican Party.

I do not question your motives in supporting so strongly the campaign of Warren Gamaliel Harding, but I must question your wisdom. By your action you have forfeited the right to leadership of trusting citizens. Others among your readers must have been led astray.

We challenge your defense!

I am etc. Yours,

Krotten, N. Y.

Henry Ivorius.

An Open Letter to Our Esteemed Reader in Reply

Henry Ivorius,

Dear Sir:—

Your open letter opened and contents noted. It pleases me to see that you have that rare thing, an open mind. This fact gives me an opening to reply in a manner that is open and above-board, that is, if I can ever get through with the opening paragraph.

Weighing well my words, as becomes an ex-statesman, I will confess that I am a little disappointed in President Harding, but I can't tell just how disappointed I am until I learn definitely whether or not he intends to reward my services in behalf of the Republican Party, with a substantial job. It was an injury to my once robust pride not to be made ambassador to England. However, just as on a former occasion when I failed to get elected to the State Senate, I was willing later to become an Alderman, so today I would accept one of those unobtrusive cushion jobs, a job that is short on glory but reasonably long on salary. But in spite of my apprehensions that I am being quietly side-tracked I see no good reason to lose faith in the Grand Old Party of our forefathers, "the best minds" and our noble President, of Main Street.

There is an old proverb, "If ripe cherries are not to be had, take the seeming best of bad." Most of us expect too much. Aim high of course, dedicate yourself to some big principle like "Normalcy" or "International Relations," but don't expect your normalcy or your relations to come dancing in over night. Have faith in your leader and above all in your party.

I knew a man who took an oath that he wouldn't cut his whiskers till a Republican President was elected. For eight long years he waited. His whiskers were always in the way, but at night-fall he would gather them in with a garden rake. After the sixth year his wife left him because, as she said in court, "She couldn't sleep with a load of alfalfa."

But he stuck to his Republican principles, which at that time were a higher tariff and, I think, an open door in China. And now this man of stern moral fibre has had a shave and

has just been appointed a Government inspector of steam boats on Gravy Lake, Wis. He is a relative of Mr. Harding's, but that fact had nothing to do with his appointment. It was moral fibre that did it.

You seem to feel that Mr. Harding does not intend to do the things promised within the four years at his disposal. Be patient. He can make a start, can't he? I see by the morning press that he favors the repeal of the excess profit tax. This is a step in the right direction. It is on such essential matters that our President is sure to act with proper haste. International relations, unemployment and even normalcy can wait, but a law that strikes at the very foundation of our institutions must be repealed at once. Mr. Harding realizes that profits are a test of character; the more profits unencumbered by restrictive laws, the more play there is for those higher qualities of initiative and enterprise that have made America what it is today.

Some issues will have to bide their time. I met an ex-service man only yesterday; a man who had fought to make "the world a fit place to live in" and who now has four sheet-iron ribs, one leg made from a gate post and still coughs up ashes. He was complaining that all the Government ever did for him was to give him a three months' course learning to write shorthand with his ear. Well, I said: it's a start, isn't it? Be patient. The Island of Yap issue comes first, naturally.

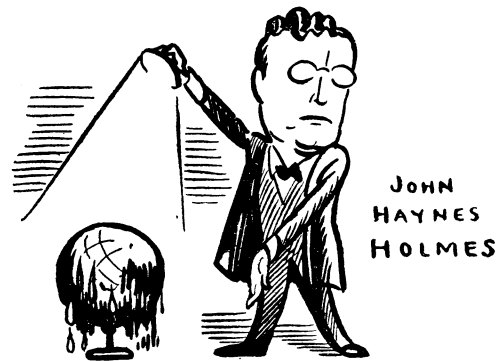
So, Mr. Ivorius, tell your wife to be patient and if at the end of four years there is not an adequate amount of normalcy, of peace and of prosperity for those who deserve it; if our foreign relations are not reasonably respectable, then I will be one of the first to renounce my allegiance to Republican principles and I will not hesitate to advocate a change. If Mr. Harding fails I will go so far as to state that I would seriously consider Mr. Bryan and a resurrected Democracy.

In the meantime let us brush aside our personal petty resentments and with a quickened sense of residuary power, march on to the full fruition of our star-spangled constitution. My teeth have been bothering me lately, so I will close with best wishes.

Yours truly,

Editor of G. M.

BUM BIOGRAPHIES No. 1



John Haynes Holmes is known as a minister. Born in New England somewhere. . . Like Beecher, Parker and other ministers of eighty years ago he speaks his mind. Holmes sees the world as a mess of blood and tears and tries to get at true causes, and yet he's buoyant and hopeful. He refused to close his church to Germans during the war, but escaped prosecution. As a side issue he is a musician and lectures on the drama. He is fluent,—yes, affluent with English eloquence, never stumbles over a word or a thought, and no matter how much he shocks his audience with his truth, everybody is ready to rise and sing "Onward Christian Soldier."

Great American Superstitions

That Jesus will pay the debts we owe.

That the Bible is good reading.

That all women who smoke cigarettes are broad-minded.

That one may become a millionaire by saving his pennies.

That all Western Union clocks keep correct time.

That Shakespeare was a great writer.

That piano tuners can play the piano.

That you have to die to go to heaven.

That the profiteers are sorry the war is over.

That drowning is an easy death.

That opera-goers like music.

That all music not popular is classical.

That the harder you work the more you'll earn.

That you can't fool the public all the time.
That Cleopatra shook a wicked hip.
That all great writers were one time waiters or bartenders.

That Chinatown is a gay place.

That to be a chess player one must have extraordinary intelligence.

That the laborer is worthy of his hire.

That a man can belong to the Society for the Suppression of Vice and retain his virtue.

That one more term as president and Wilson would have made the world safe for Democracy.

That you're cheating the insurance company when you commit suicide.

Joseph O'Regan.



Drawn by William Auerbach Levy

Our Portrait Gallery

(Of faithful long service employees)

Edgar P. Soup, mechanic in a Ford assembling works. Mr. Soup believes that the most effective way of keeping up the high standard of living among workingmen in this country is to vote the Republican ticket and use the Island of Yap as a place to dump undesirable radicals and agitators.

Dividing Up

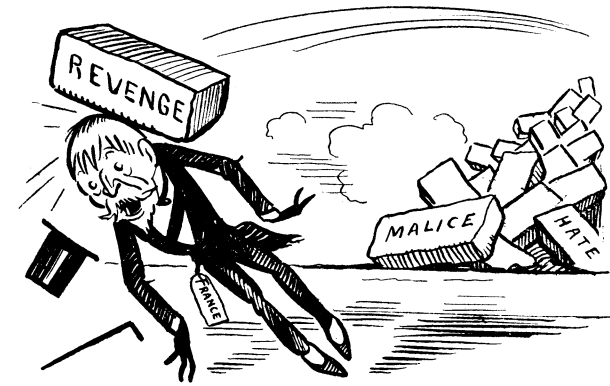
Among many of the well-known arguments against socialism is the one about dividing up. No matter how often it has been killed, it still survives.

Some time ago, Abraham Shiplacoff, the New York City socialist alderman, found himself sitting on a park bench, reading his Red paper. Having finished it, he ironed the kinks out of it with his generous palm and laid it down on a vacant seat to catch the attention of some wayfarer.

Presently a seedy, wrinkled, bewhiskered individual made a bee-line for the seat alongside of Shiplacoff. There was an air of intense liveliness in his behavior that spoke eloquently of the fact that he had not taken his clothes off for weeks. As he sat, he shimmied, wiggled, scratched and rubbed himself. He also managed to grab the paper and glance over the headlines. It was difficult for him to read. The paper bobbed up and down in his one hand while the other vigilantly pursued something around the back of his neck. Then he let out a huge guffaw and convulsed himself into still greater liveliness.

Shiplacoff asked him what the funny item was.

"Whatcha tink?" said the tramp, "Dis is a damn socialist paper. Them guys wants us fellers to divide up!"



Is Revenge "Sweet"?

Poor Old France, that most dishonest and corrupt Government, is too stupid to know that its policy of revenge will end in disaster. Every brick of that policy will be hurled back and the sick brains of France will be knocked out. Common sense may then have a chance.

Miss Burden: "I overheard that charming young man telling you I danced like a zephyr."

Miss Bright: "Zephyr, dear? He said 'heifer.'"



Triple Alliance (to housekeeper): "Tell your boss there's some blokes out here that wants to have it out with him."

Thoughts by expert thinkers



E. S. Martin, editorial director of *Life* comments on the German President's statement that Germany is defenceless, thus: "In so far as that is true, it is Germany's great advantage, if she has no means to fight and won't fight, she has the public opinion of the world for her defence." You see? Anybody can make a sound like a pacifist now-a-days and not get lynched.

Here's another from the same editorial: "Nobody seems to like Lenin and Trotsky as rulers." We take exception to that statement. A straw vote of GOOD MORNING office shows that the whole staff including the elevator man prefers Lenin and Trotsky to any among the following rulers of the old world: Lloyd George, Briand, Ebert or Tush-Tush, the Boss Baboon of the African jungle.

From the *Freeman*: "Labor and Capital should learn that their troubles are fundamentally the same and that ninety per cent of them are caused by the parasite that bats upon the industry of both labor and capital in fat years and in lean years alike—the landlord!"

Reading this and other paragraphs in this estimable contemporary, we seem to discern that the editors of the fearless "most radical" weekly are single taxers. Without knowing whether single tax is the remedy for the world's economic ills, we will go as far as to bet a hat that it is a better form of taxation than taxes on ice cream, movie theatres, soda water or any other thing, that is, if we must have taxation. The *Freeman* is pleased to see Lenin leaning a bit toward the land question and seems to sense his awakening to a solution along the lines of single tax.

Let the capitalist speculate (all but real estate capitalists), work for profit, not for the pleasure of work, understand, or the good will of the community, but the money incentive. Honest now, isn't this money incentive the cause of the present world insanity?

The *Freeman* says "the troubles of Labor and Capital are fundamentally the same." Sure! Under the present system both have

one trouble in common—just one trouble, both want more money. Would single tax keep a small capitalist from hoarding his wheat for profit? We would like to know. We may be all wrong, but our conviction is that people can be mobilized for construction without thought of profit just as they are now mobilized for destruction. If they are capitalists born, it's the fear of the poor-house, the false honor of acquisitive skill, the glorification of profit. And we'll bet another hat that while single tax sounds like getting at the root of the evil, it isn't.

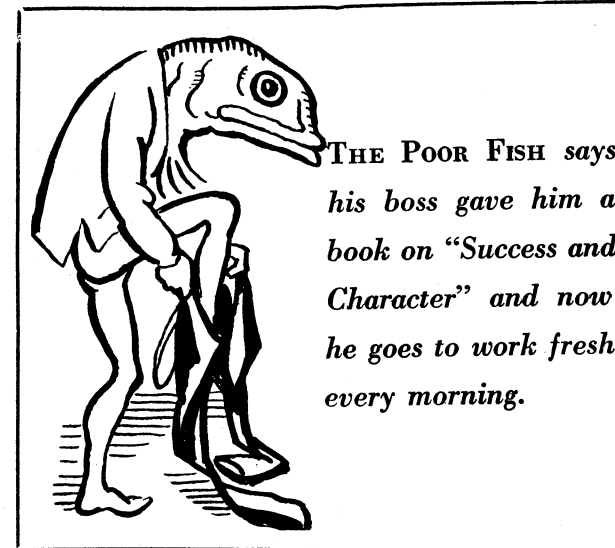
"If we drink in the beauty of the night or the mountains, it is deemed to be praise of the maker, but if we show an equal adoration of the beauty of man or woman, it is dangerous, it is almost wicked. Of course it is dangerous and without danger there is no passage to eternal things." A. E.

Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Tenth Street, New York City, is called Trotsky Square because of the radical street meetings held there.

Along about 1 o'clock in the morning, when the free lance discussions approach a frenzied climax, the Irish policemen on the beat thinks it's time to have a little peace, so he strolls over and says, "Say you fellers—take your revolution across the street!"



Drawn by Hugo Gellert



THE POOR FISH says his boss gave him a book on "Success and Character" and now he goes to work fresh every morning.

Stieglitz Squeezing Himself

We have just marked some passages in an article in the *Dial* by Paul Rosenfeld on the recent exhibition, in New York City, of photographs by Alfred Stieglitz.

Mr. Stieglitz is an artist-photographer and, being literary and intellectual, uses his machine to catch the feeling-moment of a hand clasped to a bosom or a locomotive snorting or a tree imploring the sky, in short, a master operator of the machine called the camera. But it takes Mr. Rosenfeld to see all there is to be seen (and then some more) in Mr. Stieglitz's art.

In a cataract effusion the author reminds us of an orator-statesman so full of his subject that you hold your breath in anticipation of busted suspenders and a wild swoon into apoplexy. "Mr. Stieglitz pours out his energy with gusto, with abandon. All is speezed out, nothing is left. His photographs are noted for their convexity, their grand double movement, that of penetration into the background and that of hollowing and opening."

The photographer knows well the following truth: "to suffer, if need be, always; to accept a grim fate, if that be hidden in one's bowels. The Stieglitz photographs are plastic polyphony. A man has been fully registered by a new art." And listen to this: Mr. Steiglitz discovered that "the navel is a centre of anguish." If he had said the navy, it would have been all the same to us.

Mr. Rosenfeld thinks one of the photo-

graphs is "the piercing cry of a human being for the life of its soul. We cannot tell," he adds modestly.

On page 409 Mr. Rosenfeld ends and it appears that Mr. Stieglitz "in setting himself free from the restless flux of mediocrity and chaos and lifting himself to tragic heights, has provided a perennial means by which all others of his time, who so desire, can help free themselves for the life of the spirit, the life of art."

All out!

Good, If Multipedic

Prof. Thorstein Veblen observes: "We are getting restless under the taxonomy of a monocotyledonous wage doctrine and a cryptogamic theory of interest with involute, loculicidal, tormentous and moniliform variants."

You said it, professor. Yours is a masterly summary of the capitalist system—terse, lucid, and so simple a Harvard graduate can understand it. The attention of soap-boxers is invited. All they have to do is to point that sentence at an opponent and run over him as with a caterpillar tractor.



Drawn by Jerger

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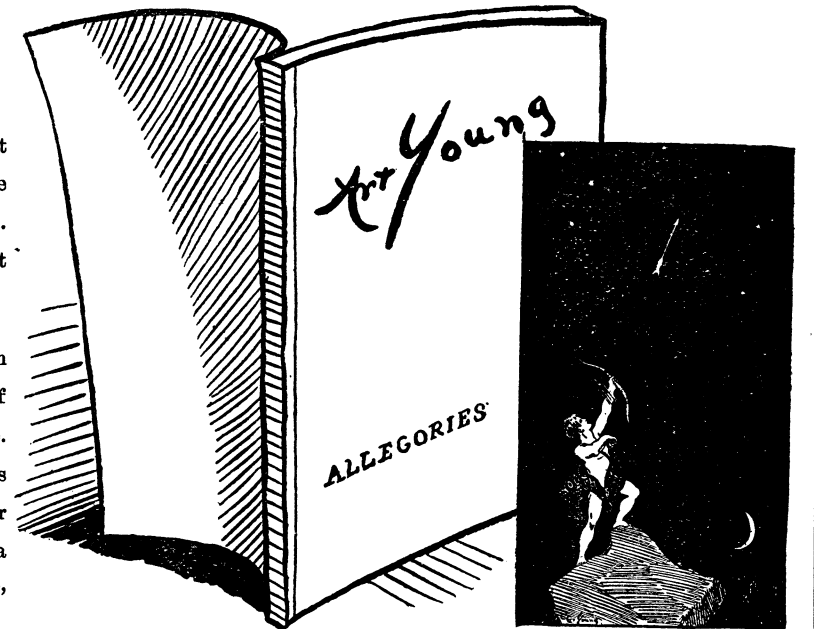
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